

Our Living and Our Dead

NEWBERN, N. C., AUGUST 27, 1873.

Wanted.—A file of the Fayetteville Observer for the years 1861, '62, '63, '64, and to March 1865; also a file of the Salisbury Watchman and of the Charlotte Democrat for the same years. Any party having said files, or parts of them will oblige us by informing us upon what terms we can get them.

BACK NUMBERS.—We regret to state that our edition of No. 2—July 9th—is exhausted. We can supply all other back numbers for some time to come. We struck off large editions of the first numbers but circulated the second number, it seems, too freely. We trust that by the 1st of October, we shall be able to tell, with considerable exactness, how many will suffice to supply the demand.

STATE NEWS.

Charlotte wants a volunteer military company.

The prospect for a fine crop in Gaillard was never more promising.

Statesville wants a Hook and Ladder Company.

The Wilson Superior court convenes tomorrow.

A farmer's club has been formed by the farmers of Caswell county.

Heavy rains are reported in all sections of the Eastern portion of the State.

Mrs. Georgiana Duran, of Washington, was badly bruised Saturday by the breaking of some steps.

P. T. Collins, of New York, has sold to an emigration company 50,000 acres in McDowell county.

The recent celebration of the Masons at Henderson, in behalf of the Oxford Orphan Home netted \$155.

The proposition to levy a special tax for the county of Franklin was voted down by a large majority.

Mr. Mahesh Western, one of the oldest citizens of Rocky Mount, died on Thursday.

Mr. T. Bente, a highly respectable citizen of Germantown, Stokes county, died last Saturday.

Four fat men met the other day, in the Central Hotel Raleigh, whose aggregate weight was 1,916 pounds.

A plan is now on foot to build a branch of the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad from Battleboro to Nashville.

Raleigh has a wonder in the shape of a man who having found a large sum of money buried in the ground, still works as a floor servant in a hotel.

Wilmington has a dangerous, but at the same time, useful male. He killed a dog and destroyed the beautiful outlines of a negro's physiognomy.

The surveying party of the Norfolk and Charleston road reached Greenville on the survey from Norfolk last week. So says the Plain Dealer.

The Clinton Reporter says: The big hog exhibited by Mr. B. S. Peterson, at our last county fair, was converted into bacon, and realized the owner \$107.75.

The 4th day of October will be a big day at Rannynade Park near Tarboro. A number of attractive races are announced.

On the night of the 16th inst., the storehouse of Mr. E. J. Smith, Sampson county, was destroyed by fire. The loss was about \$700.

On last Sunday, in Kinston, the harness shop of Messrs. Abbott and Wade was entered and robbed of a set of harness valued at \$20.

The authorities of Asheville have been a second time enjoined in order to restrain them from making certain improvements on Patton street.

The Carolina Enquirer has changed its name to the Clinton Reporter in order to become more thoroughly identified with the interest of the town whose name it takes.

The farmers' festival held at the Fair Grounds of the Sampson Agricultural Society in Clinton on the 15th inst., was, according to the Clinton Reporter, one of the most delightful social gatherings had in that section since the war.

One fourth of an acre of ground will be planted in cotton on the Fair Grounds at Raleigh to test the new cotton choppers, one invented by J. B. Underwood, and the other by C. F. Reams, both North Carolinians.

Paul Cameron, Esq., has purchased and thoroughly repaired the Hillsboro Military Academy, and leased it to Mr. Horner of Oxford who will open a school there in January with 70 boys and with expectation of more.

Henry Glasper, colored, one of the railroad hands at Raleigh, got his hand badly mashed in handling iron last Saturday. Dr. Whitehead was called in and found it necessary to amputate one of his fingers.

A meeting of ex-Confederates of Sampson county was held in Clinton on the 15th inst., for the purpose of taking steps to get up the war history of the county. The proper committees were appointed to collect the necessary data, and it was agreed to form a permanent association at the next meeting in October.

In Charlotte, a few nights ago, an attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Jno. W. Kirby, as he was passing along the street on his way home. The would-be assassin struck at him with a knife, inflicting a slight wound on the arm, and on Mr. K. making a motion as if to draw a pistol, the rascal took to his heels and escaped without being identified.

Says the Tarboro Southerner of the 21st inst: "On Monday afternoon, about six o'clock, an unknown man was seen, by a number of colored people, to start to cross the railroad bridge at this place from the town side. As it is very certain he did not come off the other side, it is supposed that he fell off and was drowned, as he had every appearance of being drunk and staggered considerably while seen on the bridge.

The man was a perfect stranger, as no one is reported missing from this section.

Survivors' Meeting in Stokes.

According to previous notice, a meeting of the citizens of Stokes, was held in the Court House in Danbury, on Saturday the 9th inst., for the purpose of making some arrangements to collect material to write the history of Stokes, in the late war. On motion, J. G. H. Mitchell, was called to the Chair and Caleb Hill, made Secretary. Upon request the object of the meeting was explained by Col. John A. Gilmer of Greensboro. A motion was made and carried that the chairman appoint a committee of seven who should be called the Historical Association of Stokes, whose duty it would be to associate with them other persons in different parts of the county, to assist them to collect material for the history whereupon the chairman appointed the following:

Lt. John Pepper, Sr., W. W. King, S. B. Taylor, R. S. Hyman, N. M. Pepper, J. W. Vaughn and S. M. Herson. On motion the chairman was added to the committee.

Friday the 23rd inst., was fixed upon for the meeting of the Central Committee at the Court House, to organize and take such other steps to carry out the noble purpose, as may be necessary.

Resolutions of thanks were passed for Col. S. D. Pool's efforts in getting the material to write a History of North Carolina, and to Col. John A. Gilmer for his able assistance to the meeting.

On motion, Our Living and Our Dead, The Daily Reporter and Western Mail, were requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

J. G. H. Mitchell, Chairman.

Caleb Hill, Secretary.

Diary of a Young Lady.

July 1. General Patterson with the Federal army, crossed the Potomac into Virginia at Williamsport.

July 2. Battle of Hainesville—Patterson's advance guard met by a regiment of Col. Thomas J. Jackson's command and checked with heavy loss.

July 3. Patterson occupied Martinsburg. Troops Government organized at Wheeling, under Pierpont.

July 4. United States Congress assembled in extra session.

July 12. Battle of Rich Mountain, Virginia—A body of Virginia troops under command of Col. Fagan, attacked an overwhelming force of the enemy, commanded by Gen. McClellan. After a heroic struggle, and the loss of many killed and wounded, they were forced to fly, and many of them were captured.

July 13. Gen. Grant slain at Cancha Ford while covering the retreat of his command from the pursuit of McClellan.

July 18. Battle of Sanny Creek—a brilliant victory of a portion of Gen. Webb's command over a vastly superior force of the enemy.

July 18. Battle of Bull Run—the enemy having followed the retreat of the Confederate troops from Fairfax Court House, attacked their lines at Blackburn's Ford, and were severely chastised and repulsed with a loss of many thousands.

July 21. Confederate Congress assembled in Richmond.

July 21. Grand Battle of Manassas.

July 22. The routed enemy in almost total disorganization and with terror, continue their flight through Alexandria and likewise to Washington.

July 23. Day of praise and thanksgiving in the Confederate States, by unanimous invitation of the Confederate Congress, in gratitude for the victory of Manassas.

The Bust of Jefferson Davis by Valentine.

Our gifted sculptor, Mr. Valentine, had a host of visitors last week at his studio, including Gen. John C. Breckinridge and Jefferson Davis. The latter spent considerable time on Saturday in conversation with the artist and in examining his works of art. He was particularly struck with the beauty of a statuette of General Lee, and commended the superb bearing of the figure. The recumbent figure of the great Confederate General, for Lexington, seemed to impress him greatly, and he pronounced it a splendid work of art—remarkable for its fidelity of portraiture and naturalness of position. The Confederate ex-President standing thoughtfully over the figure of Lee was itself a picture for an artist. He said it reminded him, in posture, of the old crusaders in Westminster Abbey, but the artist had relieved it of the stiffness which characterize some of these. The fact that one of the hands of the dead hero lays across his breast while the other rests carelessly on the hilt of the sword was commended for the fine effect it produces. The simplicity of the drapery, emblematic of the grand simplicity of the man, but did not escape favorable comment. In fact, the figure strikes every critic as representing calmer repose after an eventful life.

Mr. Valentine gave the ex-President an interesting account of his visit to Lexington in connection with his great work—reciting pleasant incidents connected therewith.

He took the measurement of Mr. Davis' features with a view of making a bust of him at an early day. The distinguished subject will in the meantime give him several sittings. Richmond and Virginia have alive reasons to be proud of Valentine.

Our Living and Our Dead.—The last issue of this interesting and historical journal came to us increased and interest. It is filled full of important and interesting communication between distinguished individuals of the late war.—Western Mail.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

The Capture of the Water Witch.
by Lieutenant Thomas P. Pelot, C. S. N., in June, 1864.

Our people may remember the capture of the Water Witch, which occurred in June, 1864. The following letter from a correspondent who participated in the affair, really one of the most daring and successful of the war, gives a graphic and interesting account of the exploit, which, at the time of its occurrence, was the topic which excited the people everywhere within the limits of the Confederacy, and clothed the brave men who participated in it with glory. The Norfolk Virginian says:

A few days since we noticed that steps had been taken in the States of Georgia and Florida to erect a monument to the memory of the gallant Lieut. Pelot, who fell in the capture of the Water Witch in June, 1864. We give below an account of the action by a participant, who also won a name in that action. We will also state that he has a drawing of the scene of the capture, which will be photographed for the benefit of the monument in question. The article is as follows:

Among the many brilliant achievements of the late ill-fated contest was one (the capture of the Water Witch) which for desperate daring has perhaps hardly its parallel in the annals of the "Lost Cause." Having seen in the Virginian a notice of a monument to be erected in his native State to the memory of the chivalrous young hero who met his fate in the successful struggle against overwhelming numbers, it has occurred to me that a plain statement, by one of the expedition, might not be without interest to your many readers, especially as at the time it was barely mentioned in the public prints; pressed out of sight by the thick-coating events of greater moment, borne on by the steady sweep of the storm cloud which early in the coming year was to scatter to the four winds each vestige of the doomed.

"CONFEDERACY."

Our little fleet had for some time been lying in the muddy waters of the Savannah, perfectly inactive, and our officers and men were growing tired of the dull routine of life aboard ship, when Lieutenant Thomas P. Pelot, C. S. N., then executive officer of the iron clad Georgia, proposed to the flag officer, Com. W. W. Hunter, to allow him to fit out a boat expedition for an attack on some of the enemy's gun-boats lying just off the coast. His request was granted and the expedition was soon fitted out, and on the first of June we started from the fleet with seven barges, the crews composed of seventy-five men and officers from the several vessels of the squadron, all well armed with pistols, cut-throats, and the requisite boarding apparatus. We proceeded down the river going through a narrow channel from Weymouth into Oyster Sound, where we landed and commenced for the night. The next morning a vessel was seen in the offing. Lieut. Pelot and Dr. Thomas made a reconnaissance and returned, reporting her

NAME WORTHY OF OUR EMBROID.

and perhaps not too formidable for our little force. As night approached we got under way and advanced towards her; but before we reached her she had weighed anchor and put out to sea. Our disappointment was great, but we returned determined that the next night she should not escape us. The next night dark and stormy, causing the vessel to remain at her anchorage. We waited in little before midnight, our boats moving in two columns. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7 in the lead and the other numbers, 6, 8 and 9, in the starboard column. Lieut. Pelot, commanding, led the first boat; Joseph Price, of Wilmington the second; Mulholland Minor and Master's Mate, Arthur O. Freeman, commanded the third; M. Chapman Trimble, the fourth; with Master's Mate Thad. Gray; Boatswain Baymore and Master's Mate Barclay, commanded the fifth; Dr. Thomas and Master's Mate Golden, the sixth; Master's Mate Robert and Dr. W. C. Jones, the seventh. Thus arranged, we rowed quietly along with muffled oars. All nature was hushed, save when the occasional thunder rolled in deep tones solemnity flashed brightly in the distance, and was soon gone as scarcely even for a moment to lighten the intense darkness. But again it flits across the cloudy sky, and now the undefined form of some black mass, rising from the water's surface, is seen for an instant. Our boats pressed forward, and all await in breathless silence the next flash. It comes, and again brightens its rapid track, and this time reveals unmistakably the lofty sides of

AN ENEMY'S SHIP.

The United States steamer Water Witch, Commander Pendergast. Then Lieut. Pelot, rising, made these remarks, hurriedly and earnestly: "Now men the hour has come. Prepare yourselves for a fierce fight! That is the battle-field—the eyes of the country are on you. Mark well what record you have to history tonight." Within thirty yards of the enemy we were halted, "Don't shoot! Who goes there?" "Runaway negroes," exclaimed our faithful negro pilot, Moses. Nearer and yet nearer hury on our barges, when our gallant leader arose in his boat and called out loudly, "We are rebels! Give way boys! Three cheers and board her!" A perfect yell answered him, followed by

A TERRIBLE SHOWER OF BULLETS from the steamer, we being too close aboard for her to use her heavy guns. In an instant our boats were alongside, and our men were clambering up her sides. The heavy boarding nettings were tripped up, but stayed our progress but a moment. They were either cut through or scrambled over, and we were on the deck, fighting hand to hand—pikes thrusting, cutlasses flashing, pistols and muskets giving forth smoke and flame, while the mad shouts of the struggling foemen, mingled with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, gave a frightful climax to the din of battle. Lieut. Pelot was the first man whose foot touched the vessel's deck, and soon after received

A SHOT THROUGH THE HEART, while leaning blows thick and heavy around him, and fighting with the coolness and superb courage of a classic hero. The command now devolved upon Lieut. Price, who, though seriously wounded, reassured our men, and leading them forward, fought gallantly until the enemy surrendered, after fighting with desperation and hotly contesting with us the possession of the prize in a struggle that was for life. Pistols, after being fired, were used as clubs; pikes were everywhere, and more

than once we were well high lost by overwhelming superiority in numbers. Not one of our officers escaped without having his clothing riddled. After the surrender

THE PRISONERS.

were placed under guard, and we got under way and steamed up the sound and anchored under the guns of "Battery Beaulieu," which we reached about noon the next day. As we approached we fired a broadside and unfurled to the breeze the Southern Cross, waving over the Stars and Stripes, and were received by a salute from the batteries and cheers from the troops encamped there. Lieut. Pelot I knew personally and well, and in the dark days of that hapless struggle, with all their record of heroism, their sublime self-devotion, no more gallant spirit met death for what now seems but a dream; and on the blood stained "roll of honor" of the South there is nothing nobler than his life, nothing braver than his death.

Persecution of Jones.

Max Adler in the Saturday Evening

Post says of Jones:

We have no other authority for it than Jones himself, and therefore cannot vouch for its truthfulness. Jones told us that he was persecuted nearly to death sometime ago by a sewing machine agent, who wanted him to make a purchase. Unable at last to endure the persistence of the man, Jones says he bought a diving bell and descended two miles into the ocean to spend a few days in peace. He had hardly touched bottom when he saw the sewing machine man coming down in the divers' armor, carrying with him a shuttle-feed and sixty strong testimonials to the merits of his button-hole attachment. Jones informs us that he suddenly rose to the surface and prepared to sail home, but just as the ship's anchor was being hauled over the side, it fell and upset the cook's cabbage, scattering the five coals in the powder magazine. This caused a terrific explosion, and Mr. Jones was blown four miles upward into the air. (This is Mr. Jones' statement, remember.) Just as he commenced coming down, he met the sewing machine soldier coming up in a balloon, with a bucketful of samples of the lockitch, and a model of his patent reversible hammer.

When Jones fell he was picked up, and he sailed straight for home. As the vessel drew near the dock, Jones perceived the agent standing on the wharf, waiting for him with a "noiseless button-hole attachment." (We thought all buttonholes were necessarily noiseless; but Jones is responsible.) Thereupon Jones hid himself in the cabin, and instructed the captain to say to the agent that he, Jones, had died of the yellow fever on the voyage. When the sewing machine man heard this, he seized a copy of a certificate from a clergyman's wife and then blew out his brains with a pistol, evidently determined to follow Jones into the next world and set him a machine at all hazards. We give this for what it is worth. We only know that Jones was educated by his parents, to believe that it is wicked to tell a lie.

The Summer Death Rate Among Children.

Our opinion upon the pre-eminent value of a supply of pure, fresh air as a means for the reduction of the terrible summer death rate, is strikingly borne out by the advice contained in a pamphlet published in Philadelphia, addressed to mothers on this very subject. The directions are drawn up by a committee of the Obstetrical Society of Philadelphia, comprising men who stand highest in their profession in the treatment of children. The rules are simple, as all hygienic precepts are, and are therefore more apt to be disregarded. Some of them indeed are so commonplace that one would hardly think they would need to be gravely laid down by a committee of medical men, but yet experience shows that it is just in regard to these commonplace matters that the greatest carelessness exists. These directions may be summarized as follows:

1. Perfect cleanliness is enjoined in every minute particular: the change of night and day clothing clean with each change.

2. A bed or cot, apart from its mother for the child.

3. Plenty of fresh air. The baby should be taken to the park, the boats that ply up and down the rivers, the shady side of broad streets or public squares; it should be kept carefully out of the room where cooking or washing is going on, and given plenty of ice water.

4. The house should be kept scrupulously clean; the walls whitewashed; slops and garbage promptly removed, and the air purified by carbolic acid or quicklime.

5. The child, if sick, must be kept to the mother's milk alone, or if that proves insufficient, to goat's or cow's milk. There is no safe substitute for milk to infants who have not out their front teeth. No child should be weaned, as a rule, until after its second summer. The food which nature has provided will often save the life of a child when everything else fails.

6. Without the advice of a physician a child should be given spirits, cordials, carminatives, or soothing syrups of any kind. Thousands of children, the physicians add, die every year from the use of these poisons.

In other words, they need pure surroundings, pure food and pure air—the last greater than all—for when it is had, the former may be readily obtained.—Atlanta Constitution.

STATE FAIR 1873.

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THE WAR RECORD OF

NORTH CAROLINA.

From November 1860 to May 1865.

IN SIX BOOKS, COMPILED AND EDITED BY

STEPHEN D. POOL.

NEWBERN, N. C.

BOOK I.

PART 1st.—Political and Historical Events from November 1860 to May 1861; or causes which produced the Secession of North Carolina.

PART 2nd.—Historical Sketches of the Administrations of Governors Ellis, Clark and Vance, with an account of the origin, progress and success of Blockade Running by the State.

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Historical Sketches of Divisions, Brigades, Regiments, Battalions and Companies; with testimonials of the high esteem in which our troops were held by Lee, Jackson and others.

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Testimony from the Battle-fields; or, accounts of Battles and Skirmishes in which the troops of North Carolina participated with incidents and anecdotes. All Naval Operations upon our waters included in this book.

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Hospital and Prison Life; or, an inside view of Camp, Wayside and General Hospitals, and of the treatment of Federal Prisoners at Salisbury, and of officers and men in Northern Prisons.—The self-sacrificing devotion of our noble women will form an interesting chapter of this Book.

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Organization of Brigades, Regiments and Companies; or, the Rolls of Honor and who were comprised in them, with record of special acts of heroism and fortitude.

BOOK VI.

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Through these premiums now offered, it is hoped they will excite the public curiosity, and thereby a supply well written and interesting accounts of battles, memorials of officers and men, portraits of the best of the best of the war, and the scenes of the war in North Carolina and Virginia. The premiums are, here and now, to be North Carolinians.

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